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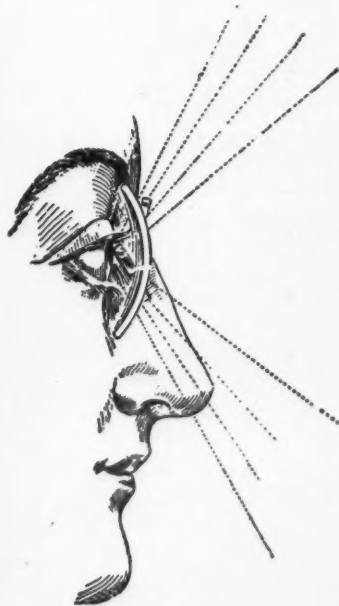
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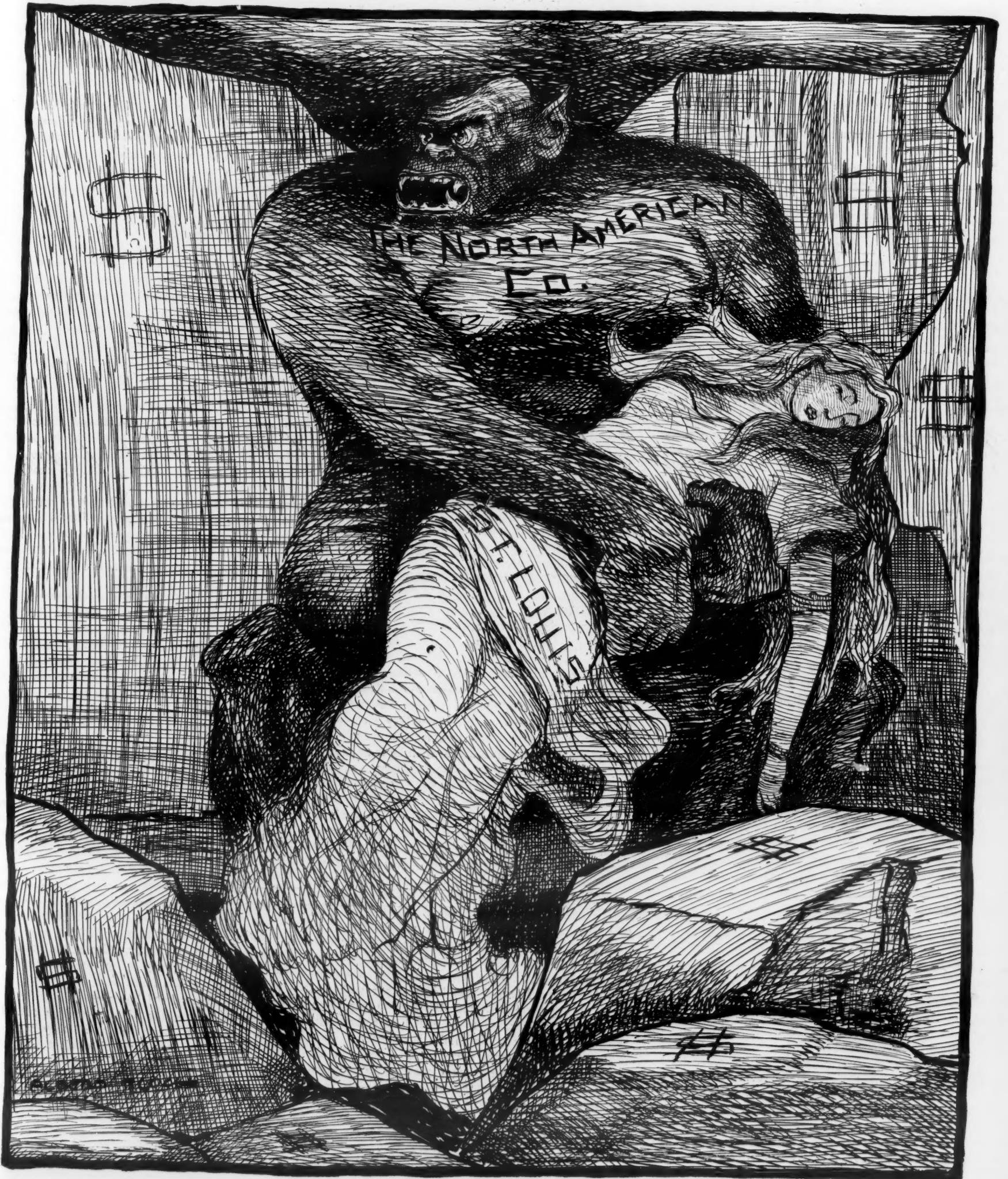


The Mirror

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AT BAY!

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THE MIRROR

Here's Your Big Cinch!

By W. M. R.

THE North American Company, controlling the city street car systems, the gas supply, the electric light service, is very much in politics.

In conjunction with the big bucket shop monopoly that is also identified with the race gambling monopoly, it controls the organizations of both the great parties locally.

It need hardly be stated that the breweries are with this bunch, too.

And the Terminal monopoly likewise.

And the banks and trust companies.

Here, then, we have the Big Cinch—the political and economic Python.

How shall we unfang it?

Municipal ownership.

The Merger and Its Lesson

By Francis A. House

THE majority holders of United Railways Company stock have agreed to pay \$11,500,000 for the St. Louis & Suburban system. That's a pretty stiff price, all things considered. No wonder that the Suburban majority holders made haste to clinch the deal. They know a good thing when they see it. They could not possibly have done any better. Suburban stock had a sort of metaphysical value. Considering that it never paid a red copper to holders, it is anything but a bargain at 60, around which level it had been pegged for ever so many months. As holdings were closely concentrated, it was an easy task to give the stock a highly fictitious valuation for such an ulterior purpose as unloading upon a concern that has a well-earned reputation for holding the bag at convenient times.

Time was, about four or five years ago, when this town was full of "bull" talk on Suburban stock. The "suckers" fairly swarmed into brokers' offices to place their buying orders at prices well above the level at which the United Railways is about to be saddled with it. Thus, it must be admitted that the United Railways could have been "soaked" worse than it was. They purchased Suburban in season and out of season. They talked 100 for it, and insiders never discouraged the misleading gossip. Why should they have done it? You can't expect a man to scare you out of buying a stock at soaring quotations when he is anxiously looking for an opportunity to unload upon you. Insiders sold their stuff at or about 90. They made fine profits, since they had bought all the way up from 25.

The next thing to do was to depress the stock to dispossess the small investors of the shares bought at top-prices. How could this be accomplished? By never paying a dividend, by never giving out annual statements, by increasing the indebtedness. Well, Suburban slowly dropped to about 60 again. And then came the news of the dicker with the United Railways Company, which rallied the shares to 70 or 72.

They talk of improvements on the Suburban system. The United Railways Company makes promises of better service. Do the officials mean that the prospective improved service will be on a par with that given on the present United Railways lines? If so, the public has no cause to be elated over these glib promises. For, according to the latest official statement of this company, there were carried, in the second quarter of the current year, 47,206,590 passengers, against 44,325,322 passengers for the corresponding quarter of 1905, and yet, in spite of this large gain in passengers, the United Railways recorded only 1,278,252 trips, against 1,286,088 trips in 1905. This shows either an actual curtailment of the

number of trips or of the number of cars in operation. Do the company's officials call this an improvement in service commensurate with the great development of passenger traffic?

The United Railways and Transit Companies were conceived in sin and shaped in iniquity. Their street railway franchise was boodled through the Assembly, stolen from the city. A rotten municipal assembly granted it to parties who made but little concealment of the fact that they paid the cash when "the goods were delivered." The consolidation bill was boodled through the Legislature, with a grip-sack full of money.

The records of the grand juries and the criminal court bear appalling testimony to the infamous way in which the municipality was robbed of its public utilities. And the gas and electric light franchises were similarly boodled. The story of the perpetual gas franchise taints even the Supreme Court of the State.

Is this kind of "property" "sacred?" Isn't it rather, as Proudhon said, Theft? Does God, as Baer, of the Reading, said, give such property into the hands of those who secure it by lies, frauds, bribery, violation of oaths and general chicane in sacred trust? Is there anything sacred about a property based on Snyder's boodle deal and the celebrated Lehmann boodle birthday party and the \$135,000 in the safe-deposit boxes for Councilmen and Delegates? No. The idea that there is should be cast on the dung-heap of political economy. Oh, but the innocent purchasers! *Innocent!* Christ save us!

The street railway properties of St. Louis are capitalized at \$108,500,000 in bonds and stocks. About half of that represents actual value, and this actual value includes what the people have been robbed of. Suppose the capitalization were what it should be—say, \$35,000,000 in 4 per cent bonds and \$20,000,000 in stock. The fixed charges would then be only \$1,400,000. At present the fixed charges of the United Railways Company alone approximate \$2,400,000. Such a reduction in fixed charges would leave an ample margin for up-to-date improvements and all-round betterment of service.

If the city itself were to own the street railway system, it could readily float 3½ per cent bonds, and reduce fixed charges still more. No stock would be required, and the capitalization could be cut down to say, \$35,000,000. In that case, the fixed charges would only amount to \$1,225,000. In 1905, the net earnings of the United Railways Company aggregated \$3,540,000. Deducting fixed charges of \$1,225,000, would leave the handsome sum of \$2,315,000 for depreciation, improvements and other minor purposes. That would be fully sufficient to give the public what it needs, pay a snug sum into the municipal treasury and allow in the course of time of a reduction in fares.

The North American Company has "got" us. If we want our public utilities we must pay the company's price for them. The franchises increase in value daily. For those franchises the city gets nothing, practically. And the owners and holders are not even "home folks," not "our own people." We are the soft graft of a foreign corporation.

But the cinch weakens as it strengthens. Municipal ownership is no dream, or if it is these mergers make the dream come true. Can public utilities only be operated successfully by private interests? Bosh. Public ownership has failed here and there. But how great have been the failures of private control of utilities let the records of receiverships tell. If the cities can govern themselves at all they can operate their utilities as honestly and efficiently as private individuals or corporations.

The Golf Girl—"John seems to have fozzled in making love to me."

The Auto Girl—"Well, something's gone wrong with my sparker, too."—Judge.

An Insult to the City

By W. M. R.

MAYOR WELLS' Terminal Commission publishes the report of its experts, Messrs. Moore and Perkins, as to the best means of relief from the traffic congestion at this point.

Messrs. Moore and Perkins ignore the existence of any such thing as a problem of relief from a terminal monopoly.

Therefore, they recommend the strengthening of the present monopoly.

Give the terminal Association more franchises, more streets for everything. Give it all the city's rights in the levee front. Give it the new bridge that the city has authorized by and through a bond issue.

In return for this the city is to take the old Eads bridge for foot and trolley passengers. This in the face of the fact that what the city wants is free transportation of freight across the river.

Manifestly the Terminal Commission's experts take it for granted that the Terminal monopoly is not to be disturbed, that all that is necessary is for the city to give the monopoly more privileges whereby to exclude all possible competition.

Even the ferries recommended are to be a part of the monopoly Terminal scheme.

The report, in so far as it is framed solely with a view to giving the combined railroads a tighter cinch upon the city's commerce, east, west, north and south, at a time when the people have voted bonds for a free bridge to break that cinch—is an insult to this community.

Reflections

Paul and Fiammetta

DO you want to forget the hot weather and its banalities? Just get a book, "Concerning Paul and Fiammetta," by L. Allen Harker (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), and read about the most delightful group of boys and girls you could ever imagine. It's the best thing of its kind since Barrie's "Little White Bird." The reading of it will re-create your own youth for you. It is a book full of the charm of a cheerful home. The boy, Paul, and the girl, Fiammetta, the dogs, the Vicar, the mother and father, the acrid old aunt, the servants—a goodly group they make, all simple and sane and happy. They are just as you remember the people of your childhood's days. The fun, the fights, the adventures, the little sorrows, the glamorous make-believe of youth are given here in a manner to make you love the old world that seemed such a bore before you took up the book. It is a performance not a long distance behind "A Child's Garden of Verses," or "Sentimental Tommy," or Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age." It is recommended to all as a summer tonic to freshen the heart. The children of the book will stay with you all your life as embodying many of the dreams and memories of your own days of innocence and wonder.

WASN'T there once a man in higher American politics named Elihu Root? There was. What put him out? Too much Thomas F. Ryan.

The Merger Is Ours

NINETY per cent of the value of the street car monopoly is community value. It is value created by

the presence here of the community and by the gift of the franchises held by the consolidation. Why shouldn't all that value be taxed into the public treasury? Better, why shouldn't the city run its own street railways, over its own streets, for the accommodation of its own people? It would put the street railways in politics? But aren't they in politics now, and in the very worst way? Don't they own both parties? Didn't they force the Republicans to nominate Talty for Mayor in order to defeat him with Wells?

THAT "inquiry" as to the methods whereby the Busch bill was passed culminated in an absurd farce, but one thing did appear, and that was that the chief opposition to the bill in the Council came not from the "free bridgers," or from any public interest, but had its origin in quarters close to the present Terminal monopoly.

The Indictees

IN attempting to shut Folk out from the Bryan reception ceremonies, his Missouri enemies, mostly his indictees, by the way, are bringing him more conspicuously to the front, as usual.

FAIRBANKS lays low since the popular uprising against the iceman.

Blessed Is the Man Who Has Found His Work

CIRCUIT ATTORNEY SAGER has the opportunity to destroy the greatest skin gambling game in the United States by putting the bucket-shops out of business. He has the brains and courage. He can get the facts. He can be as big a man in public esteem as Folk or Hadley or Weaver. He can do the greatest execution against colossal swindles that has been done since the Louisiana Lottery Company was driven from the United States. He can and should secure the co-operation of every official of functions equal to his own in every big business center in the United States. He can get the aid of every legitimate exchange in the country. He can earn the thanks of hundreds of thousands of plundered victims of the tape game. "Blessed is the man who has found his work," says the witty, wise Elbert Hubbard. Here is the work for Arthur Sager.

HE isn't running well. Taft is too heavy aft.

WHO said "eighty cent gas?" It would go here as well as in New York.

Lid or No Lid

ST. JOSEPH has the right, peculiar to it among all Missouri cities, to say whether or not it shall have a Sunday lid, regardless of the State laws on the subject. Very well. Now let St. Joseph say its say on the subject. It's up to the people of St. Joseph, or it will be later, in one form or another, to decide what the city's attitude shall be. If ever there was a subject upon which the people should have a referendum, this matter of regulative semi-sumptuary laws is one. On a direct vote as to Sunday law or no Sunday law, with no false registration and no repeating by the elements that attach themselves to the liquor interest, how would St. Louis vote? We hear much among the practical, professional political element as to the unpopularity of the lid. We hear many business men complain that the lid hurts business, and these are good churchly, pious business men, too. But those we hear most are either those

interested in Sunday saloon opening, on the one side, or fanatical Prohibitionists on the other. All these put together are very far, indeed, from representing the whole body of the people. The whole body of the people doesn't seem to care. Did not the *Post-Dispatch* call upon its readers to declare their sentiments, lid or anti-lid, upon a ballot form printed in that paper, when the law was first applied under Governor Folk, and isn't it a fact that the people who "ate up" every other *Post-Dispatch* voting scheme for years, and some schemes since the lid ballot scheme, did not take enough interest in the matter to cast a vote of a size sufficient to justify the *Post-Dispatch* in proclaiming the ballot to be representative of public opinion? The people do not seem to worry about the lid; the people, that is, outside those who have a business interest or sentiment against the Sunday closing of saloons. What would be the issue of a fair, square vote on the matter? Even in a big city like St. Louis, with its enormous liquor interest and allied industries, its big Germanic population, too? Would either the Prohibitionists or the liquor interests dare to put the matter to the touch and fight the battle out on the issue of lid or no lid, and that issue alone? There isn't much doubt how the State would go on such an issue. But the city—there's the rub! And certainly that is the very sort of matter upon which the city's people should have a determining voice. If there's any merit at all in home rule, it should let us regulate our own drinking. It is not so all-fired certain that a fair municipal plebiscite would show such an overwhelming majority in favor of a wide-open Sunday as some of our good friends in the liquor interest profess to believe. The MIRROR, be it said, believes in a continental Sunday as safe and sane, but that doesn't imply that the majority of St. Louisans, or even of readers of the MIRROR in St. Louis or elsewhere, coincide with this view. Wherefore, as the MIRROR has said before, the liquor interests, if they are wise will let alone the whole matter of changing the present liquor laws. They stand at least an even chance of getting worse laws than they have now, whether they entrust themselves to the legislators or to the people direct.

MORTON JOURDAN—the Big Cinch bull dog—a friend of Bryan's! Jumping Jehosophat!

WHAT'S a-fixing in administration circles to put the spending of the bond issue millions in the hands of Mr. Hawes' friends?

Liter'y Fellers

WINSTON CHURCHILL is to be a candidate for Governor of New Hampshire on an anti-railroad platform. His latest novel "Coniston" induced some reformers to spring him in opposition to the *Jethro Basses* of politics and without consultation with William E. Chandler, Dr. Gallinger or the Hon. "Cy" Sulloway. And the New York *Sun* says the novelist is a carpet-bagger and says to him, "Back to Missouri!" The author in politics is now an established fact. There is George Ade. There is Upton Sinclair. There are Ida Tarbell, David Graham Phillips, Ray Stannard Baker, Lincoln J. Steffens and the author of the great unpublished Missouri *expose*, "The Mysterious Stranger." Mr. Roosevelt is a multitudinous author. Mr. Bryan has written two or three books, as have Senators Beveridge and Lodge. Brand Whitlock is Mayor of Toledo and a novel writer. George Ade and Booth Tarkington have been mentioned for Con-

gress. Ernest McGaffey was secretary to Mayor Harrison of Chicago. The itch for writing seems to be of the same scabetic class of disease as the itch for office.

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Who wrote "The Mysterious Stranger?" Who paid for the advertising of "The Mysterious Stranger?" Who suppressed "The Mysterious Stranger?" Here's a literary mystery deeper than the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, or that of the ascription to Mark Twain of the classic "Conversation As It Was by the Social Fireside in the Time of the Tudors."

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Spoils for the Victor

THE Wells administration has "slickly" thrown a fine snap sop to the *Republic*, in the city printing. The lowest bid for doing the work was put in by the *Record*. But the *Record* is not a newspaper in the usually accepted sense of the word "newspaper." The bid was rejected. The next lowest bid was that of the *World*. That is a newspaper in that it publishes general news daily. It had the requisite circulation, the circulation upon which it was given the city printing for two years before this. But the *World's* circulation was declared insufficient and the contract was thrown to the *Republic* until such time as there can be a new letting. The *Republic* gets many times the rate per line bid by the *World*. The printing bill is a good thing. When the printing contract is let again the *Republic* will get it at a big figure, compared with former and usual rates per line, because neither the *Post-Dispatch*, *Star-Chronicle* nor *Globe-Democrat* wants the work. The *World* was chiseled out of the contract, because it is supposed to be owned by Col. Ed. Butler. The *Republic* is a hard-and-fast Wells organ. It is given its share of the spoils, even while it blathers for reform and against bossism. It will, in return for this pap, do all it can to dope its rural readers into a condition in which they will be ready to accept Wells as a Democratic candidate for Governor.

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PITTSBURG is to the fore now with the nasty Hartje divorce case. Pittsburg has been the center of prosperity and is the hot bed of vice. Most of Pittsburg prosperity has been based on privilege to rob the people. This begot a sort of belief that the beneficiaries of that privilege were also privileged to suspend the Ten Commandments. Results: Schwab, Corey, Thaw, "the violet bride," the \$18,000 breach of promise case in which the St. Louis girl got the money, and now the Hartje case with its jumble of perjury, forgery and adultery.

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ALL these new laws passed by the late Congress are good. But they won't make us good. That remains, as ever, up to ourselves.

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Taking the Count

As the count in the 1905 election contest proceeds, one Democrat after another returned as elected and duly seated is found to be losing at a rate that indicates the defeat of the entire ticket. And the count has only reached the Ninth ward.

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Fighting Folk

MR. EDWARD FOURFLUSH GOLTRA is bobbing around New York, representing Dave Francis and Rolla Wells, and protesting against the Bryan Reception Committee giving Gov. Folk, of Missouri, any prominent part in the programme when Mr. Bryan returns. In this he is aided and abetted by Col. Moses

Wetmore. Goltra is a nauseating new-rich who has about as much use for Bryan as Messalina had for marriage vows, a preposterous parvenu in politics as elsewhere, and his protest against Folk is as the kick of a flea against the pyramid of Cheops. He is a millionaire John I. Martin. No one minds Col. Wetmore. His assistance to Bryan is about as effective as was his business guidance of John Scullin and others in his venture of an anti-trust tobacco factory. Folk's great advantage still appears to be the kind of people who are fighting him.

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CERTAIN interests hope to beat Roosevelt to death with Bryan, killing Bryan in the operation. But it won't work. Between Roosevelt and Bryan the interests will be reduced to their proper subservience to the interest of the public.

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ROLLA WELLS is grooming for Governor. It is figured that any old sort of rum-dum will be dragged into office with Bryan at the head of the ticket.

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FOLK is a joke, eh? But we observe that the fake clubs are shutting up, all the same. We shall also observe that he will lead Missouri in the next National Democratic Convention, and that the o'd gang leaders will be feeding out of his hand. Furthermore, before a year is over, he will be the liquor men's only hope against Prohibition. The smart guys may gag at it, but they've got to get in Joe's band-wagon.

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PRESIDENT FORMAN, of the Council, is a great reformer among bankers, but he is a pawnbroker among reformers. It will be well for the public to keep its eye upon Mr. Forman, as his banking confreres and other business associates have had to do. That's all, about Mr. Forman.

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The Irish Pipes

By Katherine Tynan

I HEARD the piper playing,
The piper old and blind,
And knew its secret saying—
The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling,
Lapping from stone to stone,
The wood-dove crying and calling,
Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather
Ring in the summer breeze,
Soft stir of fur and feather
And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning
Into the dim grey lands,
Where there is no returning
Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning
I saw my dead again,
All in a happy nooning
Of golden sun and rain.

You piper, kind and hoary,
Your pipes upon your knee,
If I should tell my story,
The things you piped for me,

The folk would leave their selling,
And bid their buying go,
If I could but be telling
The things you let me know.

Cinching the State

WHEN Mr. Hawes, the able and affable race track and bucket shop and railway merger and brewery politician, presided over the efforts of Joseph Pec Whyte and Street Commissioner Valliant and Sewer Commissioner Fardwell to force Senator Kinney out of the race for State Committeeman of the Twelfth District, he told the Senator, "You're foolish not to come with us. You know Folk will be out of the Governorship in 1909, and we'll be in power there and then—that's a certainty." Wonder what rural Missouri thinks of this. The race track, the bucket shop, the North American monopoly, the Ollie Roberts police pals, the dance joints have it arranged to take the Governorship after Folk leaves it. Mr. Hawes says so. Will he be the man to represent these great interests in the Governor's chair? Or will it be Mr. Rolla Wells, promoted from Mayor of St. Louis? Or will it be Dockery's man, Cowherd, of Kansas City? But what difference who it is, so long as he represents well and truly Louis Cella and Sam Priest and the panel-game police grafters? Won't it be lovely when "the big Dago" has the whole State of Missouri "fixed," as St. Louis county and city were fixed for the big graft synchronously with the political and police ascendancy of Mr. Hawes in St. Louis?

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CHAMP CLARK has a perfect right to run for Senator from Missouri. But, really, isn't one man like Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, sufficient for all purposes in the upper house?

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Odorous

EVERY big city in the United States has been regenerated and purified, politically, except St. Louis. We still have the Wells gang in power. Compare Wells with McClellan, of New York, Weaver, of Philadelphia, Dunne, of Chicago, Dempsey, of Cincinnati, Schmitz, of San Francisco. But comparisons are odorous. Wells is distinguished for nothing but the ownership of a garbage island and a stolidly stupid contempt for the people of his city and their opinions.

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THE street railway merger was put through with a fine disregard of the people as having any interest whatever in the streets which the consolidating companies use in their business. The people have no rights that corporations respect. To hell with the people!

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Character and Liquor Dealing

BART READEY, a saloon keeper, died the other day, and was buried with the accompaniment of the condolences of many of the better class of men in this community. If there were more saloon keepers like Bart Readey there would be less of a saloon issue in the affairs of our big cities. It is not impossible for a man to sell liquor and remain square and decent and high-minded. There are a few men like Bart Readey in the business in every large city, but unfortunately they are only too few and their advice is as little heeded as their qualities are imitated by their associates in business. The whole liquor question in municipalities might be solved if there were applied a real character test in the issuance of permits for the conduct of saloons.

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Safe and Sane

ON every hand is Mr. Bryan hailed as "safe and sane," and lauded by those who ten years and six years and two years ago denounced his as *unsafe* and

insane. Which reminds us of the story told not long since by an Ohio politician about a political discussion he once heard in a country store. In some way the argument, quite a heated one, degenerated into a dispute in which one side took the position that the others were crazy to entertain such political tenets as theirs. At this point a solemn-looking individual, who up to this time had held his peace, suddenly interjected: "Gents, I want to say that I am the only sane man here that has the papers to prove it!" The crowd gazed upon him in astonishment. "It is true, gents," continued the solemn-looking individual, as he drew forth a document from the recesses of his coat, "here's my discharge from the State Insane Asylum!" Isn't there something of similarity in the recrudescence of the Bryan boom on the strength of the certification of Mr. Bryan's safeness and sanity by such a person as, let us say, David R. Francis?

♦♦

THE *Republic* is getting to be a better newspaper every day, since its has ceased to be edited from the back room of the Cella Commission Company and the office of the ex-President of the Jefferson Club. If the wire can be cut that connects it with the office of D. R. Francis & Bro., the *Republic* may soon get back to its old-time status in journalism.

♦♦

LID-LIFTING makes things lively, now; but a very little more of it will set the State afire against the liquor interests. The brewer interest should make its friends in St. Joseph and in St. Louis County subside. Such friends are paving the way for something like Prohibition, unless they are soon brought to a sense of the folly of defying the law.

♦♦

THE next Congress will probably pass laws to prevent the transmission over the telegraph and telephone wires between the States of gamblers' information as to horse races, and stolen Board of Trade and Stock Exchange quotations for the bucket-shops.

♦♦

Thaw-White Murder

IF Stanford White was of evil life, that gave Harry Kendall Thaw no right to kill him. If Evelyn Nesbit still coquetted with White after her marriage to Thaw, that did not license Thaw to murder the architect. If the woman, through vanity, played on Thaw's jealousy with intimations of White's infatuation, she is a double murderess. The big murder case offers very little on which to hang sympathy for any of the parties to the tragedy, although Thaw, the weakling of the trio, was most the victim of Fate. He was destroyed as to character by too much money, inducing idleness. It was money accursed in that it was grafted out of the people by protection. Society wrought a grievous wrong against young Thaw, and he terribly avenged it. Society, too, with its false ideals, ruined the woman and corrupted the abilities of White. We are our brothers' keepers and our sisters' too. So, coming squarely down to first principles, who are we that we should punish any of the sinners that we help to make?

♦♦

SARA BERNHARDT has been discovered to be a Yankee. This accounts for her supremacy as an advertiser of her wares.

♦♦

MR. HEARST withdraws as a Democratic candidate. The men who took up Mr. Bryan to head off Hearst are, therefore, up a tree, especially as Mr.



TUBMAN K. HEDRICK

Kindly Caricatures No. 64.

Bryan appears to be quite as Socialistic as Mr. Hearst. Mr. Hearst's action leaves Bryan with the Wall street Democrats on his hands and the Wall street Democrats with Bryan on their hands—and Socialism still the issue. Maybe Joe Folk will have "a look in" at the next National Convention, after all.

♦♦

CONGRESSMAN JOHN T. HUNT will run again in the Eleventh District as an independent candidate. This assures the people that they will have a chance to vote for a Democrat without the Hawes-Cella brand on him.

♦♦♦

A little girl had been very saucy to her father. Her mother reproved her by saying: "Mary, you should not talk like that to your father. You never hear me speaking to him that way.

"Well," answered the rebellious Mary, "you choosed him. I didn't."

Kindly Caricatures

[64] Tubman K. Hedrick

MOST delectable man in St. Louis is this same Tubman K. Hedrick. Just think of the sweep of his felicitic effort, measured by the daily circulation of the *Globe-Democrat*. We have had many special departments in the newspapers of this city; there are hundreds of them in the country. There is none that compares in quality with the "Side Lights on Current Events," signed "T. K. H.," appearing daily, except Sunday, in the *Globe-Democrat*.

This daily column and three-quarters contains enough wit, humor, irony, fancy, tenderness, whimsicality, philosophy to furnish basis for a half dozen reputations in the higher journalism. The performance is not only staggering in quantity, when you think of it, but it is of marvelous quality.

It is Good Stuff *par excellence*. It is human stuff, kindly even when it cuts deep, always with the touch of sympathy. It is often not only immensely clever, but erudite, and its highest quality is that it inculcates with an airy, almost unsurpassed subtlety the doctrine of a more ideal, less material or commercial progress. It is calculated nicely for a point just above the average intelligence. That intelligence reaches for it, and there you have the real, helpful uplift. No ballyragging, no ding-donging, no pragmatic posing, yet no one can long read T. K. H. without finding himself converted to accord with the spirit of contemporaneous revolt against "the idols of the market place." Hedrick believes in God and Man. Therefore, he's an "Anarchist"—according to the Dr. Days—like Roosevelt and Bryan.

Chiefly characteristic of the style of T. K. H.—and the style is the man—is a note as it were an echo of Charles Lamb. There's a refinement in his work most newspaper humorists lack. He is never vulgar. His slightest paragraph has the touch of gentility sometimes a little quaint, and even when he rollicks there's no trace of Rabelias or Smollett. As with his writing, so with his cartooning. It is never coarse in feeling or motive, however it may be archaic as to execution. If his draughtsmanship were as good as his ideas, there would be no cartoonist in this country his equal. And the worst of it is, that his draughtsmanship is cramped by the confinement to a narrow measure or scale of drawing. But the idea gets you, in his pictures, every time.

Reference has been made to the Lamb note in him. You'll find it in his personal hesitancy of speech, his diffidence. He's a wee mite of a fellow, with long tousled black hair, a Latin Quarter tie, a physiognomy in which abstraction and curiosity struggle for mastery. You might take him, sitting off, always, as if in a corner, for a highly occidentalized Japanese. And he's resistless when his smile breaks through his semi-stammer at the end of a story or a quip. He's your real optimist. All his fun flows from his troubles. He writes that sort of superficial pessimism which in asserting or implying that things are bad, carries the assurance that they are bound to be better. There's no corrosive acid in him. But, all the same, if you read between the lines, you'll discover that he is all the time injecting into your mind that which the subsidized philosophers and economists are pleased to call "poison."

Hedrick's verse is very good. It is occasional, ephemeral if you will, but it is never cheap, nor tricky. It has always a dignity of a modest sort. There's nothing offensively facile about it. It has thought and feeling and fancy shot through it, and it bears a sense of careful workmanship very grateful to most of us who find our tastes obtunded by the slap-dash, vaudeville verse of most newspaper poets. Somewhat of daintiness it has, as well, purifying even slang, to adopt Ingersoll's fine phrase as to Lincoln, "He hesitated to use no word that wit could disinfect."

His "column" is a refreshment to thousands every morning. It revives in us the superstition that newspapers should cater to an intelligence higher than that which revels in sport, the markets, crime and politics. His work establishes an almost forgotten relationship between the newspaper and literature. But more than all that—it introduces us to a man who radiates the essences of "the humanities"—one who is not all animal spirit, nor yet does "burn" as Pater has it, "with a hard, gem-like flame," but a man of that true culture which is not so much learning or education as a transfusion of high intellectual gifts through the softening glow of a sympathy for all that is human.

With all his other gifts, he has youth—the magic

Jaccards Cut Glass



CUT GLASS SALAD OR BERRY BOWL

THIS beautiful Cut Glass Salad or Berry Bowl, as shown by above illustration, 8 inches in diameter, rich, deep cutting, on extra heavy glass, and reflecting rays of light to a high degree.
A beautiful bowl and Special Value... ..
Many other patterns from \$6.00 to \$4.00.

\$4.50

Mermod, Jaccard & King BROADWAY,
Cor. LOCUST

LOZIER



LOZIER

MOTOR CAR

NOTE THAT THE LOZIER CRANK SHAFTS ARE CUT FROM SOLID CHROME STEEL. LOZIER CAM SHAFTS (TWO CAM SHAFTS, MIND YOU), ARE TURNED FROM A SOLID FORGING OF CRUCIBLE STEEL WITH CAMS AND GEAR FLANGES MADE INTEGRAL.

VERY FEW CARS HAVE THESE FEATURES.

MYRONDA MOTOR CAR CO.
4230 OLIVE STREET
BELL, 4315 LINDELL.

that remakes the world for us all. T. K. H. will do great things, when he has shaken off the ball and chain of servitude to the daily grind. But should he do no more than he has done, how much it is, how grateful we should be for it! How his little essay, epigram, jest or jibe has helped us face cheerily many a day whose advent was the dread and horror of a racking night. Blessed of the gods is he who has the gift to make us smile at ourselves as we face the fight and save our sympathy for the other fellow—even if the other fellow is a little wrong.

"WHAT I regard as the most conspicuous thing about Georgie Gayson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "is her naivete." "Yes," replied her hostess, "I wonder what made her get a red one?"—*Baltimore American*.

"Did you ever make a mistake in a diagnosis?" "Only once. I was called to attend a sick man whom I said had indigestion, and less than a week later I discovered that he was rich enough for appendicitis."—*Translated from Le Rire for The Literary Digest*.

The Public Square

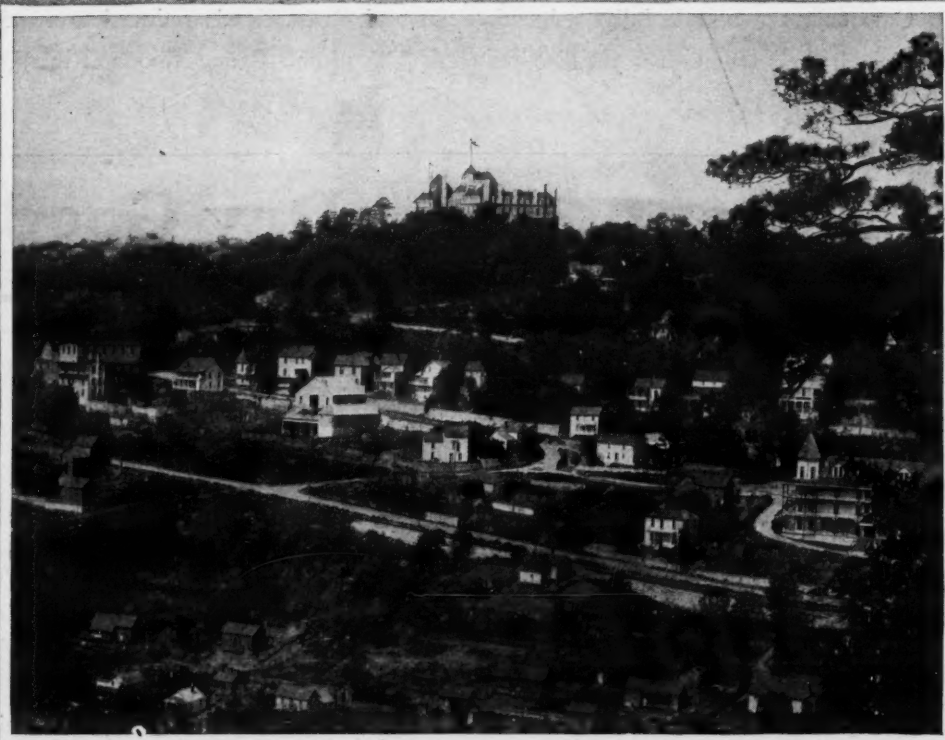
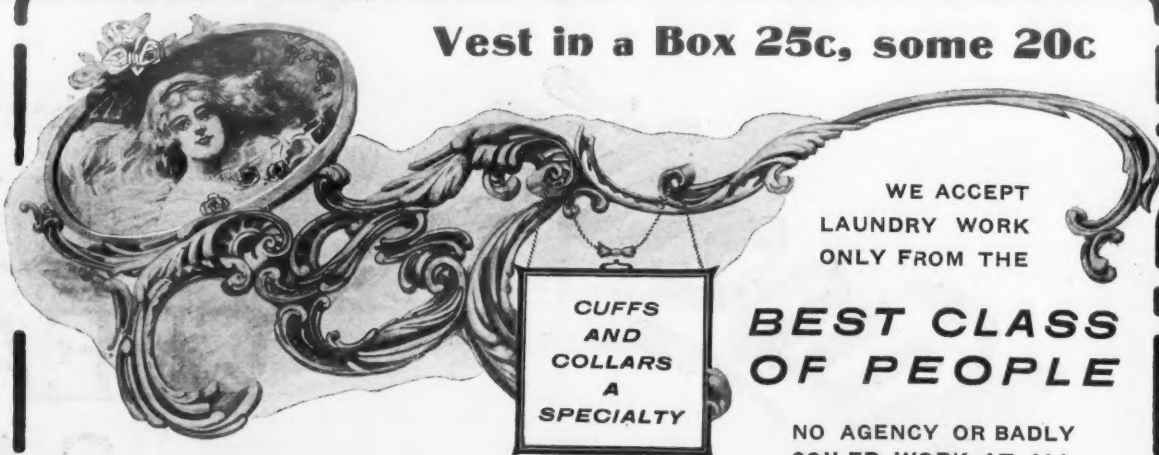
By Ernest McGaffey

IN EVERY little country town, especially on Saturdays, the square where the principal stores and business houses are situated, is the general rendezvous for the trading farmers from the country round about, and a loafing spot for the inhabitants of the town. If the village boasts the distinction of being the county seat, the courthouse, containing the county offices, either flanks on one side of the square or occupies an imposing prominence in the very centre of it.

Here, then, is the market, the custom-house, the horse-traders' resort, the lounging-place of the idle, the curious and the listless. It is the pulse of the town, and from it issue all the currents of neighborhood gossip, town news, ribald stories, gaunt pleasantries, dog-fights, wagers, trades, sales, politics and the numerous little threads that make up the warp and woof of life in a rural community.

The country dogs that follow in their masters' wagons on various occasions, have sharp arguments with the town dogs, and any advent of such a dispute is hailed with delight by the ennuied bystanders. These encounters not only give rise to

GRAND AND BELL



F. J. DEICKE, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.,
900 Olive St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Quotients

Are now in the midst of the Greatest

JULY CLEARING SALE

In their long career of Merchandising—every department has goods to be cleared out at this season, and contribute, not on account of their being undesirable, but we do not allow one season's goods to lap over, and the room is required for the coming harvest of merchandise which our buyers are now touring the manufacturing centers of the world in quest of.

In reference to this Clearing Sale we will say, incidentally, that the prevailing reductions will average 33½ per cent, while much is reduced one-half, and a great deal, even less.

Garments are wonderfully reduced. Silks and Dress Goods reduced to a mere semblance of value. Domestics, while always worth their true value, yet also reduced. Notions, Fancy Goods, Ribbons, Fans, Gloves, Laces, Embroideries, etc., in the same Reduced Condition.

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co., Broadway, Washington Ave.
and St. Charles Street.

sundry small bets from the sportily inclined, but are provocative of vociferous commendations of this or that dog's fighting abilities, which discussion gradually trails off to coon hunting, and the almost human intelligence displayed by some wonderful canine in that line.

Some subtle traveling fakir has set up a tin-type gallery on the square and does a land-office business. All the young fellows and their girls go in and pose, frightened or defiant as the sex happens to be. Then they wait until the negatives are "treated," and emerge with ghastly caricatures of their respective selves to carry home. There is very little to choose between the tintype of an individual and the same individual's *ecorche*, so far as the question of beauty is concerned.

About noontime is the public square's most bustling hour. At one o'clock some of the earlier birds have flown. At two, a few who have resolved to forego the blare of the concert, climb into their wagons and start for home. At three, a straggler or two mounts a pony and departs with a swing of his hat and a farewell whoop. At four, several couples who live a long way out, leave the shade from whence they have been listening to the dulcet strains of "Everybody Works but Mother," and drive away with a handwave to some acquaintances in the crowd. At five, the "photographer" shuts up shop and prepares to move on to another stamping ground. At six P. M. the storekeepers notice a lull in the rush of bargain-seekers, and go home to supper. At seven o'clock there are only a few teams along the hitching racks, and the town yawns.

At eight o'clock the train from the city is due and the do-nothings slowly file in that direction to see the train come in. At nine o'clock, with the corners deserted, with a gloom swathed about the bandstand, with the moon scarcely visible, the faintest

hint of a silver scimitar, darkness descends on the public square.

Blue Jay's Ennui

Dear Jenny Wren:

THERE'S hardly enough to fill a postal, lengthwise, this week.

Lionberger Davis is to be married to a New York girl named Julie Victor. She's not at all in Gotham's 400, though quite exclusive at that. Her father was in dry goods. She's never been in St. Louis. Lionberger Davis is a rather genial sport of the Davis plant; not quite so frostily superior as the rest of 'em, and that's something.

Mrs. Fred Nölker and Edwin Lemp are in uncomfortable prominence because they were in an auto that ran down and killed a man Monday night. The papers have made a great sensation of it, as if the people actually tried to kill the poor man. Coming on Mrs. Nölker as it does, just after her celebrity over her blooded bull-dogs, the story that she was going to live in London, and all that, the publicity has put her all to the bad, in her nerves, and she is prostrated. Edwin Lemp feels bad, too, as he has just been coming into prominence as a high-class, all around society man.

I hear there's to be an engagement announced soon in which a prominent banking family is to be much interested. Agents of the banking family are said to be even now in Little Rock looking up the financial standing of the family with whom an alliance is said to be in contemplation.

Judge Bert Nortoni, of the Court of Appeals, silently stole away to Olney the other day and married a Miss Belcher of Columbia. He was such a handsome man, such a poetic person, I had hoped some

Garland's



July Clearing Sale

All Garments Radically Reduced

This sale is the logical outcome of our policy to close out all garments in the season of their purchase, which assures the customer of the prevailing styles and materials at a trifle of their cost.

A SAMPLE OF REDUCTIONS ON EVERY GARMENT IN THE HOUSE.

LADIES' INDIA LINON WAISTS,
trimmed in lace and tucks—slightly
soiled—worth up to \$1.50—**39c**
To-morrow

**A WONDERFUL LOT OF WHITE
WAISTS** in every style imaginable,
and all designs of trimming—worth up
to \$2.00—**79c**
To-morrow

St. Louis girl would get him, but back to the people, the real people, for him.

Everybody's leaving town—that is, the wimpering

folks. The summer widower is abroad, and most mournful he is, with nothing to do. There's no chance for gayety at the Alps or the gardens where everybody knows you, and it's town talk next day if you're seen on the scenic railway with a woman who isn't your wife.

The society columns of the papers are full of the doings of people we don't know, the sort of stuff that is sent in by the people to whom it relates. The "lid" is sure on here socially, and the chauffeurs are having high jinks all over town in the machines of their absent employers.

BLUE JAY.

Back Talk

By Tomique

*Let History write in loftier vein
Our record, year by year,
Mine be the task in lowly strain
To tell about it here.*

THERE used to be a little frame church on the southeast corner of Fifth street—now Broadway—and Wash street. The congregation took a notion to move. Caring little what became of their home after vacating it, they sold it to a chap who had just come over, and whose ideas of the proprieties were not so delicately refined. He planted a bar in one end of the auditorium, a stage at the other end, hired a fiddler and harpist, tapped a keg of beer, and behold, the house of worship became a Cafe Chantant. That's French for Free-and-Easy. That means beer, beer-jerkers and ribald songs. There was another church on the west side of Fifth street, just north of Franklin avenue. Charles Pope took a liking to it, organized a company, purchased the property and, in due time, it became the Academy of Music and Art Gallery. It did not prove a financial success, one season's performances convincing the projectors that it was too far up town. Jake Esher leased it, transformed it into a show place, where the audiences smoked and drank while studying the anatomical display behind the footlights. One night the fire fiend claimed the structure for its own, and that ended it. On the southeast corner of Sixth and St. Charles streets stood a modest little brick church in which the early Swedenborgians worshipped. They moved out and a saloon moved in. The walls are the same walls to-day, except that the front was torn away and replaced with something that partook less of the religious style of architecture. The organ's diapason swell gave way to the sounds of revelry by night; men with heads bowed in meditation stepped from the scene to make room for others holding high in air the wassail cup and asseverating their determination not to go home till morning. The Church of the Messiah, located at Ninth and Olive streets, became Pope's Theater, which eventually gave way to the Century Building, with the Century Theater in its "innards." The little Episcopal Church on the corner of Sixth and Plum streets was sold to the Italian Catholics where Father Orfei ministered to his flock until the district became so "burnt" that the devout were forced to pull up stakes and go west. The place became a billiard hall, and then commerce grabbed it. Down on Christy avenue—now Lucas—east of Third street, stood the brick pile called the Boatmen's Church. Either all boatmen died, or their calling was annihilated by the railroads, or they tired of matters spiritual, and turned to those temporal or something overcame them, for they abandoned the edifice. The St. Louis Dramatic Association leased it, turned it into a theater, and for a long time the mirror was held up to nature by Walter J. Blakeley, A. B. Pearson, Major J. H. McNamara, Dr. C. A. Bohannon, Matt Hastings, Frank Murray, Jerry Nagle, Billy Broomfield and other rollicking good fellows who devoted their evenings to making other people happy and contented.

Summer Lingerie and Shirt Waists

At About Half Standard Prices

THIS Waist Sale, we believe, in quantity, variety and high character, transcends all that have gone before—as broad assortments as at the beginning of the season.

Every model is carefully designed—perfect in shape, full in size and beautifully finished. All the materials are carefully selected, and even in the lower prices the qualities are above criticism.

There are about eleven thousand Waists, in fifty new and distinctive models—lingerie, tailored, surplice and yoke, short, three-quarter and long sleeves, and generously trimmed with hand embroidery, English eyelet embroidery, all-over embroidery, tucking, hemstitching and fine laces.

Fine White Lawn, open front, trimmed with wide side plaits, long sleeves with deep tucked cuffs; \$1.25 values for75c

Two very neat styles, one trimmed with fine tucks, elbow sleeves, the other trimmed with insertings of lace and tucks, long sleeves with deep cuffs; \$1.50 values95c

Fine White Lawn, yoke trimmed with inserting of Val. lace and fine tucks, long sleeves, open back; \$2.00 values for\$1.25

White Dotted Swiss, mull and lawn, lace-trimmed and with embroidery panels, six styles, all sizes; \$2.50 values for\$1.45

White Lawn, V yoke of Val., five clusters of tucks below yoke, button back, short sleeves, one of a dozen styles; \$2.75 value\$1.75

White Lawn, Batiste, Indian Linon and Linen, some hand-embroidered, button back, with Val. and Irish laces; \$3.50 values\$2.00

Lawn and Batiste, embroidery and lace-trimmed, button back, long and short sleeves, all sizes; \$4.50 values\$2.50

Linen and Batiste, some hand-embroidered, trimmed in Irish and Val. laces, button back, long and short sleeves, all sizes; \$6.00 values\$3.00

Linen and Batiste, elaborately trimmed with lace, long and short sleeves, button back, all sizes, \$7.00 values,\$3.50

Batiste, some trimmed with hand-embroidery, others with Irish and Val. laces, button back, long, three-quarter and short sleeves, all sizes; \$7.00 values\$4.00

Sheer Batiste, hand-embroidered fronts, trimmed elaborately with German Val. inserting and edges; \$12.50 values\$7.50

\$17.50 and \$20.00 values\$10.00

\$22.50 and \$25.00 values\$12.50

Scruggs - Vandervoort - Barney
Dry Goods Co.

OLIVE-BROADWAY-LOCUST.

Dr. Burlingham's Church, Baptist, was on the corner of Sixth and Locust streets, where Barr's store now is. The good Doctor was a man of massive frame, an earnest preacher, a favorite with all people. In his church Hammond, the great revival-

ist, held a series of meetings, drawing crowds that tested the capacity of the building. George Mills, a member of the St. Louis Times staff, was sent to report one of these gatherings. He was a little late in reaching his assignment, but was working his way

"To the Front"

St. Louis Typographical Union No. 8

— ON ITS —

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Congratulates the citizens of St. Louis upon the continued growth and advancement of the city as a trade center. With a membership of 1100, all interested in the welfare of the city and its people, Typographical Union No. 8 will, in the future, as it has in the past, contribute to its development and progress.

Patronize the product of home industry

Patronize the firms who employ citizens of St. Louis

Patronize the Union Label

up to the front through the crowded aisle. An exhorter was moving about grasping persons by the hand and begging them to repent. He seized Mills' hand and imploringly asked, "Are you a Christian?" Mills was a bluff sort of a man—an Englishman. Besides, he wanted to get where he could sit down and do some work. "No, sir," replied he, "I'm a newspaper reporter." The exhorter moved along while Mills approached the mourner's bench.

✱

The death recently of Judge Horatio Wood recalls my school-boy days with the jurist. He attended the old Jefferson School, on Ninth and Wash streets where his brother, Albert, was also a pupil. After Horatio graduated from the old High School at Fifteenth and Olive streets, he entered upon the study of law. I shall never forget his first case, because it was the first and only case of its kind ever called to the attention of a St. Louis court. A woman named Cora James, a sort of clairvoyant, fortune teller, medium and general all-round-dealer-in-spooks-and-mysteries, had been deviling the life out of half a dozen well known citizens by means of prosecutions on all sorts of pretexts. Her victims got together and, through Josiah P. Colcord, prosecuting attorney, set the machinery of the law in motion with the result that a warrant charging common barratry was issued against the woman. She got wind of the proceeding by some means and jumped the town. Detectives located her in Philadelphia and, armed with the warrant, Col. Jim Coff was sent over to the City of Brotherly Love and Affectionate Regard to escort her back to town. Col. Jim executed his trust, and in due time Cora was on her old stamping ground. The case came up before Judge Christian D. Wolff in the Court House. Cora pleaded poverty, and the court appointed the young law graduate, Horatio Wood, to defend her. Common Barratry is the legal way of describing a person as a mental, moral and

physical nuisance—a breeder of annoying law suits—a sort of human incubator in which every deminution device that the mind can conceive of is employed to harass and annoy and bully-rag and brow-beat a person whose record shows the slightest vulnerable spot. Horatio read the warrant and made a bee-line for the Law Library to prepare himself. When his client finally faced a jury the young attorney peered over a fortification of law books most of them containing decisions which had been rendered within a decade of the time when Noah ended his famous sea voyage. Reading from these, Horatio paralyzed the jury, stupefied the court, puzzled the newspaper reporters and literally knocked everybody galley-west. I can think of nothing so mystifying, so absolutely dumbfounding, with which to compare the exposition unless it be one of the late Dr. Louis Bauer's definitions of insanity. "Doctor," said Col. Normile, "Define insanity." The learned doctor pulled the mental throttle, and cogs began to grind, and the hopper disgorged such a deluge of technicalities that the windows of the court room rattled and strong men went out to get fifteen cents' worth of nepenthe from the white-aproned man across the street, while the jurors lapsed into a comatose condition. It was awful. I never knew what the outcome of that case was. I think it died of locomotor ataxia or something. No jury on earth could ever reach a conclusion in a case of common barratry. The very charge itself is a misnomer. It is anything but common; it is extraordinary. Well, the Cora James case was Horatio Woods' first.

✱

Horatio's father was Dr. Horatio Wood. He wasn't a medical doctor. The handle was picked up somewhere while the "Doctor" was engaged in the amusement line. After Judge Carr moved out of the old mansion—now the Protestant Hospital, on Nineteenth and Wash streets—the immense park ex-

BOSTON BY SEA!

BEST OF ALL SUMMER TRIPS

\$47.50

St. Louis to Boston and Return

GO ANY DAY ***
LONG RETURN LIMIT

**B. & O. S.-W. to Baltimore
Ocean Steamer to Boston**

Return, All Rail, via Niagara Falls

Includes Meals and Berth on Steamer.

B. & O. S.-W. Ticket Office, Olive and 6th Sts.

tending from Eighteenth to Jefferson avenue, and Franklin avenue to Biddle street—was converted into a summer garden, "Doctor" Wood leased it. The place was open every Sunday, and, now and then during the week, for balloon ascensions, displays of fireworks, and the like. Admission on Sunday was fixed at ten cents, the ticket being accepted by waiters at its face value for ice cream, sherry cobbler, claret punches and other stupidities. Bottle beer had not been discovered; the high-ball was as unknown as the electric light; the gin rickey, the gin fizz and the pousse cafe constituted the unknown quantity represented by the algebraic X. Theodore Orcutt

A Selling Event of Vital Importance

To the Man Who Knows a Dollar's Value

The dull season is upon us. So, sharply-cut prices are on everything in stock, so that when our Fall stocks arrive the present stocks will have vanished. The chance this offers the economically inclined is a saving of a clear 1-3 of their Clothing, Hat and Furnishing Goods money—a genuine saving on genuinely worthy goods.

SNAPPY SUITS SNIPPED PRICES

\$35.00 Suits now selling for	\$24.75
30.00 and \$27.50 Suits now selling for...	\$21.75
\$25.00 Suits now selling for	\$17.00
\$22.50 Suits now selling for	\$15.75
\$20.00 Suits now selling for	\$14.25
\$18.00 Suits now selling for	\$12.00
\$15.00 Suits now selling for	\$9.75

LIGHTENED PRICES ON LIGHT-WEIGHT UNDERWEAR

\$3.50 Union Suits, now	\$2.69
\$2.00 Cotton Underwear, now	\$1.45
\$2.50 Cotton Underwear, now	\$1.95
\$2.00 Linen Mesh Underwear, now	\$1.45
\$3.50 Silk Underwear, now	\$2.45
\$1.50 Fancy Underwear, now	\$1.15
\$1.25 Blue Mercerized Underwear, now	89c
\$1.75 Lewis Underwear, now	\$1.25

HAT PROFITS BLOWN AWAY

\$1.50 Straw Hats for	\$1.15
\$2.00 Straw Hats for	\$1.73
\$2.50 Straw Hats for	\$1.93
\$3.00 Straw Hats for	\$2.45
\$4.00 Straw Hats for	\$2.95
\$5.00 Straw Hats for	\$3.95
\$10.00 Straw Hats for	\$6.50

TROUSERS PRICES CUT TO THE QUICK

\$3.00 and \$3.50 Outing Trousers for	\$2.25
\$4.00 and \$4.50 Outing Trousers for	\$2.75
\$5.00 Outing Trousers for	\$3.50
\$6.00 Outing Trousers for	\$4.25

SHIRT PRICES SHAVEN DOWN

\$3.00 Shirts cut to	\$1.35
\$1.50 Shirts cut to	\$1.10
\$1.00 Shirts cut to	89c

Diels

ST. LOUIS

9th and Olive--Odd Fellows Bldg.

shot off the fireworks, while "Prof." Elliott and "Mons." Godard made aerial flights. A Frenchman named Polite—pronounced Po-leet—played the fiddle at the head of a string band, and called "figgers" for the dancing belles and beaux. When the novelty of the summer garden wore off, "Doctor" Wood moved down town and assumed the management of the People's Theater, on Olive, between Third and Fourth streets, changing the name of the play house to Wood's.

✱

One soft, summer evening the calm silver moon looking down on the quiet town, Joe Fore walked along Pine street until he reached a spot where Horn's Hotel now stands, just west of Seventh street, and stopping suddenly in front of a group of ladies and gentlemen seated on the steps of a residence, drew a revolver and shot and instantly killed Munson Beach. Arrest quickly followed the assault, and the town was stirred up to the verge of doing something equally unlawful. Fore and his victim were well known people. He was a dashing young fellow with the best blood of Kentucky coursing through his veins. Beach was his brother-in-law. His offense had been that he gave shelter to his sister when her husband's treatment drove her from him. That was the case in brief. There was a new lawyer in town in those days. That is to say, his practice before the courts had not been of so extensive a character as to constitute him an old one in the ranks of the barristers. But he had found his way into the best social circles, had participated actively in political campaigns, and was admired for his charms of person, his eloquence as a speaker and his wit as a banqueter. He had on one occasion displayed marvelous skill and an amazing familiarity with the varying phases of mind disorders in the examination of expert witnesses in a murder case. Fore's friends flew to him. They declared that Fore's mind, naturally weak, has been almost entirely destroyed by his family troubles; that interference in his domestic affairs by his wife's relatives, coupled with her supposed loss of love for him, had aroused such a jealous frenzy as to render him utterly irresponsible. The new lawyer undertook the defense of this murderer.

✱

Col. James Chester Normile! The contradictory elements were so mixed in him that to fittingly describe the man would entail the writing of as lengthy an essay as any that came from the pen of the boss

essayist of literature. He was as vain as a peacock, and yet he had brains. He posed all the time. No matter where you saw him, you involuntarily looked around to discover where the photographer had perched his camera. He was as dainty in his dress as a woman, as choice in his language as a commentator, and yet he was a Bohemian of Bohemians. Before he came to St. Louis he had held a position in the national library, or some literary foundry in Washington, where access to books and an inclination to improve the opportunity, stored his mind with so much intellectual pabulum that, no matter what the topic might be, he could ladle out any quantity of the very best stuff, and do it with such an ease and grace that you were captivated even before you knew it, and were ready then and there to pardon his insufferable vanity. Somehow or another everybody who became acquainted with him received the impression that he was born with a gold tablespoon in his mouth and inherited a crest with lions couchant or eagles rampant, and a whole lot of trimmings of that sort that the stork puts in his favorite kids' gripsack when he deposits the young mawler in milady's boudoir. The Colonel may not have encouraged that idea—at least, not right out loud—but he did nothing to discourage it; just "let nature take its course;" just "sawed wood," so to speak. In an unguarded moment he instituted suit against an evening newspaper for criminal libel. The paper people employed Attorney John D. Johnson to take depositions in the case, and mills of the gods ground poor Normile to death. It developed that he was of humble, very humble Irish parentage. The proud spirit couldn't stand for that. It was something for any man to boast of, but the Colonel permitted his vanity to wipe out his brains. He retired to his room, arranged his toilet immaculately, lay down upon a couch, fixed the drapery about him, swallowed prussic acid and flew to ills that he knew not of.

This was the new lawyer who defended Joe Fore. He did it with such consummate skill, that the jury acquitted the accused on the ground of emotional insanity. Fore and his wife became reconciled, and time, as is its habit, rolled on, Col. Normile was nominated and elected to the office of Circuit Attorney. Fore got into another of his tantrums about something that his "Allie" had done, or that he imagined she had done, and made a brutal assault upon her with a hatchet. He did not kill her, however. A charge of assault with intent to kill placed him once more before a jury. This time his former defender was his prosecutor. Joe was convicted and sent up to the stone house on the hill at the east end of Jeffer-



ONE I LOVE,
TWO I LOVE,
THREE I LOVE, I SAY,
BLANKE-WENNEKER CHOCOLATES
I WILL LOVE ALWAYS.

son City, where they teach the art of shoe-making and inculcate respect for the law.

✱
When Normile committed suicide he was judge of the St. Louis Criminal Court. A judge before him did the same desperate thing. Judge J. K. Knight, one of the Circuit Judges, was a man of commanding appearance. He had a beard like a lion-tamer. One day the town was startled with the news that Knight had been found dead in his bed, his throat cut from ear to ear. There were strange tales regarding the motive that impelled him to destroy himself, none of which will be repeated in these annals. He voluntarily closed his life. Let it go at that,

Prices Sharply Reduced on the Finest Apparel in all St. Louis

A clearing sale of unusual merit, where the judicious expenditure of a ridiculously small amount yields remarkably rich return.

Quality and style fix the standard of low price *always*, and the very fact that this store stands supreme in St. Louis for superlative quality and incomparable style, makes these decisive reductions of still greater import to particular men who seek *the best that's made*.

MEN'S SUITS

Fine worsteds, cassimeres and chevots — also light-weight tropical worsteds and outing Suits.

Men's \$15.00 Suits.....\$9.75
Men's \$18.00 Suits.....\$12.75
Men's \$20.00 Suits.....\$14.75
Men's \$25.00 Suits.....\$18.75
Men's \$30.00 Suits.....\$24.75
Men's \$35.00 Suits.....\$28.75

SPECIAL—Fine dark blue double-breasted Serge Coats 1-4-silk lined—were \$10.00—now cut to.....\$6.50

BOYS' PANTS.

Straight Knee Pants in plain colors and mixtures, for boys of 4 to 14 years. Were \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50; now48c

MEN'S NECKWEAR.

50c Wash Neckwear.....19c
50c Silk Neckwear.....35c
\$1.00 Silk Neckwear.....69c
\$1.50 Silk Neckwear.....95c
\$2.00 Silk Neckwear.....\$1.35
\$2.50 Silk Neckwear.....\$1.65

YOUTHS' SUITS.

Sizes 14 to 20 years.

Youths' \$15 Suits.....\$9.75
Youths' \$18 Suits.....\$12.75
Youths' \$20 Suits.....\$14.75
Youths' \$25 Suits.....\$18.75

A lot of youths' double and single breasted Suits in fancy patterns — were \$20.00 and \$25—now\$10.00

Also youths' very fine Suits in plain blues and blacks—were \$20.00 and \$25.00—now reduced to.....\$15.00

MEN'S BELTS.

50c Belts now39c
75c Belts now49c
Our \$1.00 Belts79c
Our \$1.50 Belts.....\$1.10
Our \$2.00 Belts.....\$1.29
Our \$2.50 Belts.....\$1.69
Our \$3.00 Belts.....\$1.79

STRAW HATS.

A splendid showing of English Split Straw Hats that were \$1.00 and \$1.25 each; now you may have them at.....55c

SHIRTS REDUCED.

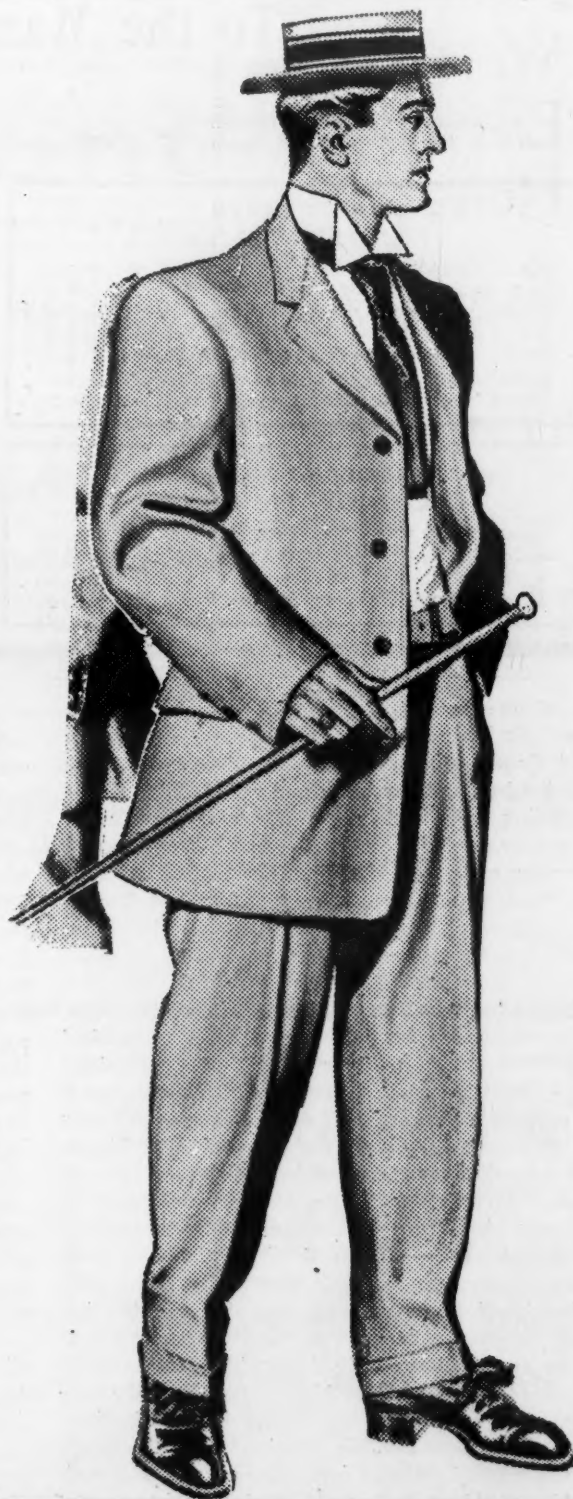
\$1.00 Shirts now79c
\$1.50 Shirts now\$1.10
\$2.00 and \$2.50 Shirts.....\$1.65
\$3.00 and \$3.50 Shirts.....\$2.55
\$4.50 Shirts now.....\$3.45
\$6.50 Shirts now.....\$4.95

UNDERWEAR.

50c Underwear39c
75c Underwear49c
\$1.00 Underwear79c
\$1.50 Underwear\$1.15
\$2.00 Underwear\$1.49
\$2.50 Underwear\$1.95
20 per cent discount on union suits.

MEN'S HOSIERY.

25c Fancy Lisle and Cotton19c
50c Fancy Lisle and Cotton39c
75c Fancy Lisle and Cotton49c
\$1.00 Fancy French Lisle.....69c
\$1.50 and \$1.75 French Lisle95c
\$2.00 French Lisle.....\$1.15



Werner Bros.

THE REPUBLIC BUILDING.
ON OLIVE STREET, AT SEVENTH.

Summer Shows

"A Runaway Girl," at Delmar, is going some. The old songs haven't lost their clutch in the least.

John Young, William Herman West, William Riley Hatch and Rushworth are all well placed and do their work with an ease that suggests their liking for it.

Stella Tracy and Pearl Revare and Caecelia Rhoda seem also to enjoy the playing and singing. Miss Tracy in black-face and wing dancing is truly fetching.

"A Runaway Girl" appears to have some stuff in it that will make it outlast the general run of productions of which it was an early type. The Sunday night audience seemed to cotton to it with real enthusiasm.

Next week: "Erminie."

"Mme. Sans Gene" at Suburban Garden is a striking performance on quite a big scale. In the title role we

have Amelia Bingham in her breeziest mood, yet with a touch of real dignity in time of stress, notwithstanding her gaucheries.

Harry Fenwick's *Le Febvre* is powerfully conceived, and Mr. Walter Edwards puts into his Napoleon not a little of the "grand, gloomy and peculiar." Norman Hammond is a fine *Mameluke*.

Florence Foster, Perla Landers, Kate Blanke, Blanche Walton, Mary Williams and Lisle Leigh are placed according to their abilities and produce results that give force and fervor to the play as a whole.

It is not improbable that before the week is out, this production will be voted the most satisfactory of Miss Bingham's highly successful season.

Next week the Bingham company makes its last appearance in the rattling, ripping, rollicking comedy, "Mrs. Jack."

The big event at the Alps this week

will be the French Fete, which takes place Thursday night. There will be a huge merrymaking over the Fall of the Bastille, under a grand display of the Tricolor, and to the swing of the "Marsellaise." The French colors will prevail in the delicious fruit ice creams, which Louis Caesar will provide for the occasion.

Maude Rockwell is the singer this week. She is an artiste of high grade, vocally, and heap good to look at.

Next week we are to have that favorite, Eugene Cowles, of the mighty voice.

The reduced Sunday afternoon gate admission is a good thing for those of moderate circumstances, who want to hear a good concert. It was appreciated last Sunday. The attendance was trebled.

At the largely attended vocal recital by the class of Prof. Clinton Elder on Thursday, June 28, one of the most in-

teresting features to the audience and creditable to the teacher, was the rendition of the number by Mrs. Ben T. Chase, which was especially attractive and painstaking, and showed great promise. Mrs. Chase has been a very ambitious pupil of Clinton Elder, and in addition to this has studied with Carl Duft, the famous vocal teacher of New York City, and will spend this summer in New York under the tuition of Max Desci.

At Forest Park Highlands the standard of vaudeville is still the very highest; old favorites alternate on the bill with the newest discoveries in "variety" talent.

Erlinger's band is a popular hit, with a clientele grown somewhat exacting as to band music.

The Highlands is the place for societies to give their annual picnics, and great crowds daily and nightly are the rule.

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HotelCor. Vandeventer Ave.
and West Belle Place.OPPOSITE BEAUTIFUL
VANDEVENTER PLACESTRICTLY FIRST-CLASS
FAMILY HOTEL

EXCELLENT CUISINE

Meals a la Carte or Table d' Hotel

Take a Fall
Out of the Thermometer

Just as we have taken a fall out of our prices for making to measure high-grade low temperature clothing.

Prices must go down so that sales may go up—so that we may keep our trained corps of tailors together by keeping them busy—so that we may clear decks for the fall fabrics now ordered. So, this

Daily-Dollar-Reduction

SALE

is cutting one dollar off the price every day—and will continue to do so until every summer suiting has been sold. Your pick of our \$50.00, \$45.00 and \$40.00

Suitsings

To Measure

For \$31.00 To-day (Thursday)! Nothing cut but the price. Quality of fabric and tailoring remain the same. The best suitings are, of course, picked by the early comers. Don't make the mistake of waiting too long.

MacCarthy-Evans-

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TAILORING CO., 820 Olive St.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, RED VEINS, PIGMENT SPOTS, BIRTHMARKS, ETC.,

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ELECTRO-DERMATOLOGIST

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Young men and women prepared in the shortest possible time as Bookkeepers and Stenographers. . . . We are able to find desirable employment for our graduates. . . .
CALL OR WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Mr. Meriwether Protests

July 6th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I have just seen last week's MIRROR, in which you lump my libel case along with Sam Cook's, and several others, and say "in every case the paper had what twenty-five years ago would have been regarded as good and sufficient defense to the suit for libel."

The St. Louis Republic charged me with having done certain specific things, the doing of which (had I done them) would have been *prima facie* evidence of my being a dishonorable man. For instance, the Republic published that in 1901, when I was a candidate for mayor on a platform opposed to the giving of franchises and to such statesmen as Col. Ed Butler, who was noted for obtaining franchises for private corporations, and when I was publicly proclaiming my adherence to said platform, that *privately* I was Ed Butler's tool and for the sake of \$1,000 which he was to give me, that I endeavored to betray the Public Ownership ticket by inducing one of its candidates, Albert Gebhardt, to withdraw from said ticket in favor of Col. Butler's candidate.

Now, this was the Republic's charge, published under big head-lines on the first page of the paper; in the libel suit that I at once brought not only did the Republic utterly fail to show that I had co-operated with Butler, or that I tried to induce Gebhardt to withdraw from the Public Ownership ticket, but I proved affirmatively that the exact reverse of the Republic's charge was true; viz., that instead of trying to get Gebhardt to withdraw, when Butler made his offer of \$1,000 I refused it and denounced it from every platform in St. Louis, and caused 50,000 circulars to be distributed so as to let the city's electors know what sort of a man Butler was. This I did some years before the Republic published its charge; in fact, I did it within twenty-four hours after Butler tried to bribe me to get Gebhardt off the Public Ownership ticket, that is to say, in March 1901.

Other charges equally serious were also not only not proved true by the Republic, but their falsity was affirmatively shown on the trial. The case was passed on by four separate juries, by two trial judges and by the Court of Appeals. And court after court, as well as jury after jury, found the issues of fact in my favor and against the Republic.

I am not familiar with the facts in the Cook case, but surely it can not be true that at any time, or in any place, the defense made by the St. Louis Republic in my case would be, as you say, "a good and sufficient defense to the suit for libel." I have no quarrel with any paper for criticising my opinions; you may call me a crank, a demagogue, an anarchist—what you will; the public can judge for itself what weight to give such "criticism." But when the St. Louis Republic charged me with doing specific acts which, if done, would *ipso facto* convict me of dishonorable dealings, I regarded it as a duty to myself, to my family and to the son who bears my name to prove that I had not done the dishonorable things with which I was charged. And, having shown the utter falsity of the Republic's charges by overwhelming testimony, to the complete satisfaction of four juries, two trial judges and three appellate judges, I indulge the hope that you will do me the justice not to class my libel suit with the more or less unmeritorious libel cases brought by others.

Very truly yours,

LEE MERIWETHER.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



Permit us to invite you

to enjoy a share in the extra satisfaction we are giving the patrons who send their laundry work to us. If you wish the kind of laundry work that will give you real satisfaction, send your package to us. Our wagon will call anywhere in the city.

WESTMINSTER LAUNDRY CO.

4115-4117 OLIVE STREET.

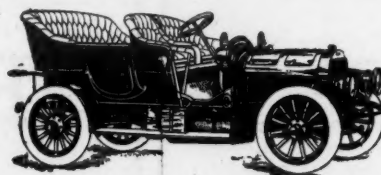
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We have, at great cost and effort, erected for the automobilists of St. Louis the first and only really fire proof garage in the city. With our system of handling, your cars will be insured from damage, mishandling, etc., they will be intelligently

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BUSINESS
PRINCIPLES

cared for, oiled and adjusted, checked in and out and daily reports rendered you. No one can get your car from our garage without your knowledge. Call and inspect our facilities.

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Music by Vogel's Orchestra every evening.

Chemical Building, 8th and Olive Sts.

Largest
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IN ST. LOUIS

Three Large, Separate Dining Rooms and several Smaller Rooms for Private Dinner Parties.

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STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Restaurant. Unsurpassable in Cuisine and Service. Choicest Imported Wines and Cigars. Finest Imported and Domestic Beers on Draught.

Open 8 A. M. to One O'Clock at Night.

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TO OUR
NEW
LOCATION.WHERE WE
SHALL BE
PLEASED TO
SEE YOU

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Theatre.

Namendorfs
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A Batch of Books

All the Mosher books are pretty. In the Ideal series of Little Masterpieces, T. B. M. surpasses his own standard for biblic excellence of matter and form. The first three volumes of the series are "The Sweet Miracle," by Eca De Querioz, which was printed in the last Christmas MIRROR; "Poems in Prose," by Oscar Wilde, with which gem-like etchings readers of this paper are also familiar, and "Hand and Soul," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. These are printed in Caslon type, enclosed in rules, after a Chiswick format, on Van Gelder paper. They are provided with introductions in Mr. Mosher's own peculiar, minor wistful vein. The covers are of Japan vellum in a restful blend of gold and green. They are rich in effect without being gaudy. The booklets are 50 cents net; the Japan vellum edition \$1. This series makes mock of all other attempts to produce beautiful editions at merely nominal prices. They are the latest series of recovered classics, the reproducing of which was inaugurated more than ten years ago, a series the range and scope of which can only be gauged by a perusal of the "Mosher Catalogue of Books in Belles Letters," in itself an exquisite piece of printing and a treasury of lucid and deserving criticism, with exquisite and apposite quotation. (Thos. B. Mosher, Portland, Me.)

Frank Lillie Pollock writes a ripping good story of adventure. "The Treasure Trait" is that kind of a story. It is enough to say that it lives up to its title. The doings are thrilling. The girl in the case is all a heroine should be. The hero and the villain are of the emphatic type, and everything ends up as it should. A more than passable summer story. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

"A Practical Programme for Workmen" issued anonymously, is a singularly well-written exposition of the first step towards man's complete modification of his environment to his own *summum bonum*, in Solidarity, to escape from Competition and the tyranny of the Market into Co-operation and Socialism. The author writes in a strain at once lyrical and logical, rapturous and rational. At times he strikes strophes that echo the strain of Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" as to form, but of opposite significance as to content. The book is well balanced in spite of its passionate conviction. It doesn't expect the millenium while you wait. It doesn't denounce conditions or men. It doesn't dodge issues, as for instance when it shows the ultimate fallacy of Trades Unionism as a social remedy while admitting its temporary and sporadic efficiency as a *ruse de guerre*. The author says that the way to pave the way for Socialism that will come inevitably, when we are ready for it, is to work for municipal and government ownership of public utilities. After that the rest will follow. The book is one of the most attractive presentations of social science it has been the reviewer's good fortune to read since Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution." It throbs with a rare earnestness and it is written with an idiomatic vigor that loses nothing for having an occasional lapse into a foreign locution. If only workmen would read it and perpend, the solution of the economic difficulty would be "all off" in no time. No one can read it without recognizing its fairness and force as it leads by a close-knit logic to the advisability of applying to the nations the results of the experience in public ownership of utilities that have been significantly and magnificently shown in Glasgow. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Scarritt Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST

White Frost Sanitary Refrigerator

ALL METAL

FINISH

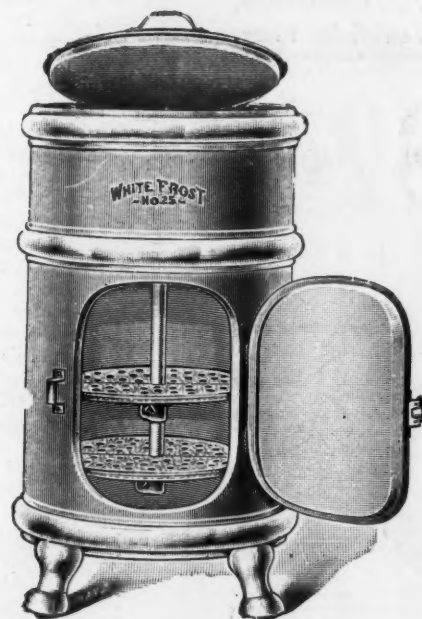
The White Frost is finished in white enamel inside and out. Excepting the ice chamber which is galvanized.

BRASS TRIMMINGS.

The lock, handle, hinges, faucet, etc., are of polished brass, and absolutely rust proof.

Price\$25.00

With Water Cooler, \$2.50 Extra.



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A refrigerator that will not offer shelter to disease germs or microbes, or from any cause taint the article it contains.

A refrigerator which is constructed on scientific principles of sanitation, giving the free air currents, yet maintaining the frigid temperature without dampness—cold, pure, sweet air—a reliable preservative of perishable articles of food. The White Frost Sanitary Refrigerator is all this.

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& OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS
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716 OLIVE STREET,
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CANDIES DELIVERED ANYWHERE
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TELEPHONE CONNECTIONS.

RONNOCO DRY ROASTED COFFEE
A Special Value at 25c per lb.
J. P. O'CONNOR,
620 N. Sarah St. Both Phones 3200 Olive St.

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Directed by the Eminent Conductor

ADOLPH ROSENBECKER

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Maud Rockwell

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SPECIAL NOTICE—Admission to Sunday from 2
Coffee Concerts . . . 10c till 5:10

NEXT WEEK—EUGENE COWELS

SUBURBAN TO-NIGHT

AMELIA BINGHAM

IN SANDOU'S
GREAT PLAY

Mat. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday. **Madame Sans Gene**

Next Sunday July 15—BINGHAM'S Farewell
Week, in the Rollicking Comedy, MRS. JACK

FOREST PARK HIGHLANDS

SECOND WEEK OF

ERLINGER AND HIS FAMOUS BAND

Forty

SAM WATSON'S BARNYARD CIRCUS

Wynne Winslow Pierce & Roslyn Ward Trio Berry & Berry The Kinodrome

ADMISSION TO GROUNDS 10c.

Children Accompanying Parents, Free

DELMAR GARDEN

EVENINGS, 8:20

"A Runaway Girl"

Tickets Bollman Bros., 1120 Olive St.

Sunday Matinee, July 15th, "ERMINIE"

Open-Air Roller Rink. Sessions with Music every afternoon and evening and Sunday morning.

MADAM WALLICE

Manicuring, Face Massage, Hair Dressing,
Scalp Treatment, Shampooing, Hair Singeing
Ladies treated in their homes. All work guar-
anteed. Phone, Bell, Beaumont 29

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Musical Director Pendleton Garden.

Music Furnished for all Select Occasions.

RESIDENCE, 2611 OLIVE ST.

\$20
AND LESS

From St. Louis to all points South-
west via M., K. & T. R'y, July 17th.
Tickets good 30 days returning with
stopovers in both directions.

To Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Hous-
ton, Galveston, San Antonio, Cor-
pus Christi, Brownsville, Laredo,
and intermediate points\$20.00
To El Paso and intermediate points,
\$26.50

To Kansas, Indian Territory, Okla-
homa, and Northern Texas points,
one fare plus \$2.00, but no rate
higher than\$20.00

Correspondingly low rates from all
points: From Chicago, \$25.00; St.
Paul, \$27.50; Omaha and Council
Bluffs, \$22.50.

Write for full particulars.

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Wainwright Building, St. Louis, Mo.



"SOUTHWEST."

FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN
Via Illinois Central R. R., daily, begin-
ning June 24th:

Leave St. Louis.....11:45 a. m.,
Arrive Petoskey 6:25 a. m.,
Bay View at6:28 a. m.,
We-que-ton-sing7:22 a. m.,
Harbor Spring7:25 a. m.

One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN
bottled beer, Purity—by a process origi-
nated and patented by us. Every bottle
is sterilized before it is filled and pas-
teurized afterwards. Order from
American Brewing Company.

ADVANCE CAR TO MICHIGAN

Via Illinois Central R. R., June 6. Reg-
ular daily service on and after June
24. Leave St. Louis at 11:45 a. m.

FAST SERVICE TO MICHIGAN

Via Illinois Cntral R. R. daily begin-
ning June 24th:

Leave St. Louis.....11:45 a. m.
Arrive Petoskey 6:25 a. m.
Bay View at 6:28 a. m.
We-que-ton-sing 7:22 a. m.
Harbor Springs 7:25 a. m.

Everybody botanizes these days. Many
folks put their botanizings into books. Not
many have done so more effectively than
has Alice M. Dowd in "Our Common
Wildflowers of Spring and Autumn." It
were a good book for a beginner in bot-
any to take up. It is simple, not bur-
dened with the heavier terminology of
the science of Linnaeus. The flowers are
treated of under their good old-fashion-
ed names. Particularly good are the de-
scriptions of the flowers. One hundred
plants are thus treated with this direct
simplicity and the stories of their names,
the descriptions of the marvels of their
fructification, the indications of their
beauty and purpose—all these are most
interesting even to a man who hasn't
been nearer to a garden than a passing
trolley car in twenty-five years. It is a
good text-book but much more than
that, and the author has not only read
the books that all good botanists read,
but has studied her flowers at first hand.
The book is not illustrated, but that only
serves to bring out the value of the writ-
ten descriptions, so prolific in detail yet
wonderfully clear. A truly good first
book in flowers for youth or adult.
(Richard G. Badger, Boston, Mass.)

Who doesn't like a poker story? For
the secret of poker is judgment of
character under all the permutations of
chance, modified by skill and dexterity.
Who doesn't know the poker stories
that have been run for years in the col-
umns of the New York Sun. And the
fascination of the greatest card game is
in these stories of doings at Brown-
sville—tragedy, comedy, picaresque au-
dacity. It isn't literary poker, either, that
David A. Curtis has described but poker
as it is played close up to the vest and
squeezed tight and squinted with a care
as one might eye the transit of Venus
to make a calculation of the parallax.
Those who like poker will like these
narratives in a book with the title "Stand
Pat." They will also like the people of
Brownsville, Tenn.—'twas from near
there our Joe Folk came, wasn't it?
—Stumpy, Gallagher, the river packet
gamblers. And *Old Man Greenhut*! He
philosophizes and fantasies on poker and
lays down its laws with a rare wisdom.
If you don't know *Old Man Greenhut*,
you don't know the man who has done
more to exalt poker than Gen. Schenk,
Jack Oakhurst, "Poker Jack" McClure,
John W. Gates and all the other true
pokerians, real or imaginary, that the
world has known. "Stand Pat" is
the best presentation of the soul of
poker that has ever been gathered to-
gether, and it is a rich commentary on
phases of character in bearing upon as-
pects of life that are much higher than
the "stack," however tall, on any round
table from Canada to the Gulf. Mr.
David A. Curtis has deserved well of
every votary of the game. (L. C. Page
& Co., Boston.)

If a thriller is what you're after, here
you are: "The Bottom of the Well,"
by Frederick Upham Adams, whose
"Kidnapped Millionaires" was such a
happy hit. There's a skull on the table
in the frontispiece. There's a diagram
of the scene of the crime in the "Buck-
ingham mansion." There's a picture of
the girl calling to the wrongly accused
hero that she knows he's innocent.
There are bursts of italic type in the
pages when the plot thickens. Sea
scenes, high life, roughs and toughs,
strikes, conspiracies, warnings—huh!
A story is it? Well, any old time Fred-
erick Upham Adams can't make Syl-
vanus Cobb stand on his head and think
himself a deuce spot—but read the book
and get yourself all bluggy. (G. W.
Dillingham, New York.)

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND AND STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

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Parkview

Parkview, the exceptionally hand-
some new subdivision, an illustration of
which adorns the back cover of this
week's MIRROR, is located immediately
north of the beautiful grounds of Wash-
ington University, and within breathing
distance of Forest Park. It extends
northwardly almost to Delmar avenue,
and runs from Skinker road on the east,
westwardly to the tracks of the county
line of the Suburban Railway.

Unlike other subdivisions which are
advertised first and improved subse-
quently, Parkview is now offered to the
public fully improved. Its boulevards
are all completed, its sewers, sidewalks
and gutters installed. Moreover, its
surface has been bedecked with a pro-
fusion of trees and shrubbery. Visi-
tors will marvel at the beauty of the
Parkview.

Parkview not only has the advantage
of natural and artificial beauty, desira-
bility of location and superiority of
neighbors, but is, moreover, far enough
west to have all the advantages of the
country, and yet near enough to the city
to be reached from Broadway in thirty-
five minutes.

There will be no auctions in Park-
view. All the lots will be sold at pri-
vate sale. A number have already been
disposed of, work on some residences
begun, and many others planned. Full
information may be secured at the of-

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Chirschmus

Last summer I ate genuine Swiss chirschmus twenty years old, says a writer in the *Ladies' World*. It tasted like a concentration of all the richness and sweetness of the most perfect cherries. In appearance it was a purplish black mass. Age had not impaired it in the least.

Upon inquiry I learned how this cherry concoction with its wonderful preserving quality is made. The cherries used must be perfect—very large, ripe, juicy black ones, and, above all, very sweet.

The juice of them, pressed out and strained through a bag, is put in a large preserving kettle, at the bottom of which is placed a piece of smoked pork fastened to a block of wood. The wood serves as a weight to keep the fat down and prevent the juice from burning as it thickens.

The cherry juice is boiled for about twenty-four hours, without sugar, but stirring it from time to time, until it becomes a mass of sweetness so firm and thick that it would not fall if the kettle were inverted.

This is all, a simple process, but the result is delicious. The chirschmus is in general use in Switzerland with the "susse Anke" (sweet butter) and bread.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

WE have just published a book which will be of vital interest to every housewife. It is a neatly bound volume of 96 pages, each teeming with hints, suggestions, rules and recipes that can not be overvalued. Every recipe here published has been tried in practice and proven successful. The book is entitled "The Gas Range and How to Use It," and contains a valuable collection of instructions and recipes compiled by Miss Mary Lamson Clarke.

Miss Clarke has devoted her life's work to the study of domestic economy and has spent the past three years among the housewives of St. Louis, is thoroughly acquainted with their needs and has by persistent work gotten up this valuable book.

The heavy demand on Miss Clarke for written instructions and some of her special recipes has necessitated the publication of this work.

The distribution of this publication is in our hands and we intend to get one copy into the hands of each consumer of gas. The price is 50c each. We will give one to each of our consumers free of charge. Our method of distribution will be through a house-to-house call. If you do not receive one, call at our general office, 716 Locust street, and you will be supplied with a copy.

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NO. 1 AT 2:21 P. M.

For Little Rock, Texarkana and principal intermediate points, making connections for all points in Texas.

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Through Cars for points on the Belmont Branch, also for Little Rock.

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Through Sleeping Car for Little Rock, making connections for points on Belmont Branch.

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